' You look so kind that you will not deny my sultry throat one draught
of icy water/ The sorrowing wife weeps the tender tears of melting
affection. They fall upon his brow ; and he thinks them to be ice-cold
drops of water shed upon his burning brow to soothe him. But shortly
he exclaims, 'Are they tears ? Who are you to shed tears ? ' Then,
the consciousness comes back entire, and there is the clear recognition,
* 0 Mary, Mary/ with the confession (To you my days have been
a life-long lie grafted on a half-truth/ '
Where am I ? ' he asks.
' If I have ascended the summits of worldly fame, I have descended
into the depths of spiritual darkness.* Thus the tears of the forgiving
one evoke the remorse of the erring one. Madame Guyon, the French
mystic, has said,

> ' I have no punishment to fear;
> But ah ! that smile
> from Thee
> Imparts a pang, far
> more severe
> Than woe itself would
> be.'

Unto the penitent soul, there is, indeed, no punishment to fear. It is
all the paradise of at-one-ment vouchsafed through the purgatory
of pain and suffering. Accordingly, it is forbidden to say at the
Footstool of Grace, ' Oh God, do not inflict punishment upon me/
The irresistible impulsion from within is, rather, * Thou wilt not punish.
Thou art not the offending God that would repel but the inviting God
that would cleanse.' Yes ; the filth-filled child runs up to the mother.

The mother receives it with open arms and
with the soothing call
' Come, darling,' and sets about the
cleansing, though the child cries
the while in impatience. The loving mother
who says the impure child
must be made pure—not the pure mother
who says the impure child
cannot be touched—she baptises the child
into purity. In Tennyson,
' it is the tears from the tender wife that
evoke remorse. There is no
blasphemy, if we add it is not merely the
smile of the Mother that
evokes remorse but it is also the tears of the
Mother that elicit remorse.
If there is no anthropomorphism, no
materialisation, in giving God a
smile, we need not be afraid of giving Him a
tear either. The tear of
the mother is from the heart of the mother;
while the smile of the
mother is from the spirit of nature in the
Mother. The tear is to
awaken ; whereas the smile is to resume, to
take back and to embrace.
Thus awakened into remorse, all his old
memory comes back to
JR.oin.ney. He says, ' I never did forget you.
Looking upon the
pictures of the Madonna with the Divine
Child upon her lap» I was
thinking of you and your babe*' This is what
is called *Daysan*—the
vision of the Divine in the humaa; the
graveyard of memory r©^